CAPTAIN AMERICA FEATURED IN

U.S.A.

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NO. 7

COMICS

U.S.A. COMICS

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CONTENTS

Page

1. CAPTAIN AMERICA FIGHTS RUBBER MAN.. 1.
2. CAPTAIN DARING.... 21.
3. MARVEL BOY..... 30.
4. DISK EYES.....39.
5. THE SECRET STAMP... 44.
6. JEEP JONES..... 51.
7. JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON..... 56.

AMERICA'S THRILL MAGAZINE..!

U. S. A. COMICS is published monthly at Meriden, Conn., by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp. Entered as second class matter May 2, 1941 at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1942 by U.S.A. Comic Magazine Corp. 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Martin Goodman, Pres. Vol. 1, No. 7, February, 1943 issue. Yearly subscription $1.00 in the U.S.A.

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CAPTAIN AMERICA

A THE CASE OF THE FLYING SUBMARINE!

OUT OF THE NIGHT--FLYING NAZI SUBMARINES TO ATTACK AMERICA! THAT IS THE DARING PLAN. BUT FIRST, THE "ERASER" DREADED RUBBER-MAN CIRCUS FREAK-TURNED SPY, MUST WREST THE MODEL OF THE FLYING SUBMARINE FROM ITS AMERICAN INVENTOR, MARK MANNERS, BEFORE HE CAN TURN IT OVER TO UNCLE SAM! WILL THE ERASER SUCCEED?

WILL CAPTAIN AMERICA BE ABLE TO STOP HIM?

YES!- FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA COMES A SWIFT PULSATING TALE OF ESPIONAGE AND SUDDEN DEATH AS THE GREAT FIGHTER OF CRIME CLASHES WITH THE MASTER SPY OF ALL TIME - THE DREADED ERASER HIMSELF—IN A TITANIC STRUGGLE FOR POSSESSION OF THE SUBMARINE MODEL THAT FLIES, WHICH IS HUNTED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!

YOU CAN'T DROWN ME-- RUBBER FLOATS!

IN BERLIN, THE WAR LORDS BANK ON THE WILY ERASER TO STEAL THE MODEL OF THE FLYING SUBMARINE FROM IT'S AMERICAN INVENTOR.

SOON VE SHALL HAFF DER MODEL OF DER FLYING SUBMARINE—DEN, AMERICA VATCH OUT!

WHILE IN WASHINGTON, AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS, LIEUTENANT ROLAND GETS AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT

THE NAZIS WANT THAT MODEL! WE MUST PREVENT THEM AT AT ALL COSTS! MEET THE CORSAIR WHEN IT DOCKS TO-NIGHT WITH THE MODEL.

AND NEARING NEW YORK ABOARD THE YACHT CORSAIR, IS THE INVENTOR MARK MANNERS, AND HIS DAUGHTER JANE!

TOMORROW MY FLYING SUBMARINE GOES TO UNCLE SAM!

THIS CRUISE WAS JUST WHAT YOU NEEDED TO FINISH IT. I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!

SPARKS, THE RADIO OPERATOR, RACES TO TIP OFF THE ERASER.

RADIO ROOM

THE ERASER WILL PAY DOUBLE FOR THIS NEWS!

BUT, I'M HUNGRY HERR ERASER!

AYJIB XIVHIIKIJ KYVUMBY JYKCB ZYTGZEG FT XEIV TQY-- FEIB FETBIV!

MEANWHILE, IN THE ERASER'S SECRET NEW YORK PENTHOUSE, THE DREADED RUBBER MAN SPY AND HIS STOOGE OF CIRCUS DAYS, FRITZ THE FIRE-EATER, AWAIT WORD FROM THE "CORSAIR."

PUT OUT DOT FIRE, FRITZ. VE AIN'T IN DER CIRCUS NOW.

DER FLYING SUBMARINE MODEL IS FINISHED. NOW TO FINISH DER INVENTOR UND GET DER MODEL

JAH! BUT VOT ABOUT CAPTAIN AMERICA?

IF DER SVINE CAPTAIN AMERICA TRIES TO STOP ME, I--THE **ERASER**-- VILL ERASE HIM!

AT CAMP LEHIGH, PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND REGIMENTAL MASCOT BUCKY BARNES ARE ABOUT TO GO ON LEAVE.

LISTEN TO THIS, BUCKY - "CORSAIR" DOCKS TONIGHT, THAT MEANS MANNERS HAS FINISHED THE FLYING SUBMARINE.

GOOD THING OUR LEAVE STARTS TONIGHT, CAPTAIN AMERICA MAY BE NEEDED!

WE CAN'T LET AN INVENTOR LIKE THAT FALL INTO THE HANDS OF AN AXIS POWER. THE **ERASER** MAY TRY FOR IT.

BEFORE YOU PANTY-WAISTS GO ON LEAVE, I GOT SOMETHING FOR YE TO DO. JUST SO'S YOU'LL REMEMBER TO GET BACK ON TIME.

SPUDS! AND THE FATE OF A NATION HANGING IN THE BALANCE!

YOU CAN GO - THE MINUTE YOURE THROUGH! STEP ON IT!

GOSH, CAP-- THIS WILL TAKE HOURS-- THEN IT MAY BE TOO LATE!

NOT IF WE GIVE IT THE DOUBLE ACTION WHITTLE!

SECONDS LATER, AS THEY LEAVE, SERGEANT DUFFY GETS A JOLT.

GET BACK HERE, WISE GUYS. YOU AIN'T HARDLY STARTED YET.

SORRY TO DISSAPPOINT YOU, SARGE-- WE'RE ALL THROUGH. SEE YOU IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

AND THE BOYS HAVE A SURPRISE FOR SERGEANT DUFFY.

WELL I'LL BE-

LATER, SPEEDING TO THE ERASER'S SECRET SEAPORT, NEAR NEW YORK.

IF I KNOW THE ERASER, HE WON'T WAIT FOR THE "CORSAIR" TO DOCK. HE'LL GO OUT TO MEET IT-- BY PLANE.

IT'S GOOD WE KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS HIS PLANE.

AS THE ERASER WARMS UP FOR THE TAKE-OFF

WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! COME ON-WE'RE GOING INTO ACTION!

THE PLANE'S WAITING FOR SOMEONE-- THE ERASER?

A SWIFT CHANGE, AND STEVE ROGERS RACES FORTH AS CAPTAIN AMERICA!

HURRY MIT DER PLANE-- DER ERASER ISS COMING IN VON MINUTE!

ACH!

TRY THAT ON FOR SIZE, WHILE I TRY ON YOUR CLOTHES.

WHANG

VOT ISS DISS?

HOW ISS DIS, SHORTY?

JAH!

VE LEAVE AT VONCE- GIVE HER DER GUN, HANS!

BE READY MIT DER SPEED BOATS, FRITZ - CHUST IN CASE.

JAH!

AS THE PLANE LEAVES, FRITZ, MAKES A DISCOVERY-TOO LATE.

IT'S HANS THE PILOT DONNER UND BLITZEN!! WHO TOOK DER ERASER UP THEN?

THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY, BUCKY BUT IT WAS ALL WE COULD DO IN THE SHORT TIME WE HAD. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SEE HOW THINGS WORK OUT.

MEANWHILE AT PIER 2, LIEUTENANT ROLAND PREPARES TO GUARD THE "CORSAIR" ON ARRIVAL.

GUARD ALL APPROACHES TO THE DOCK-- THE "CORSAIRS" ON THE WAY!

ABOARD SHIP JANE AND HER FATHER WATCH THE PLANE ALIGHT.

MAYBE IT'S THE ERASER!

THE ERASER TRIES A RUSE.

CAPTAIN AMERICA THINKS IT WILL BE DANGEROUS TO LAND AT THE DOCK. HE REQUESTS YOU TAKE DER MODEL -- UM-- BY PLANE

DAD-I'M AFRAID!

THE ERASER BRAZENLY USES THE NAME OF CAPTAIN AMERICA TO GAIN HIS ENDS.

I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA-FOR MR. MANNERS

WE WERE AFRAID AT FIRST, THAT YOU WERE THE ERASER -- HA! HA!

YOU CAN PROVE YOU COME FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA

DOT ISS EASY-VATCH!

BEHOLD!

THE RUSE WORKS

LEAD THE WAY— I HAVE THE MODEL HERE.

I'LL MEET YOU IN NEW YORK, DAD— AND BE CAREFUL!

I'M WORRIED. THE NAZIS WANT THAT FLYING SUBMARINE MODEL— THEY MIGHT EVEN KILL DAD TO GET IT!

A WARM RECEPTION GREETS THE INVENTOR ABOARD THE PLANE.

UND NOW, SIR, I VILL TROUBLE YOU FOR DER MODEL.

YOU TRICKED ME YOU— YOU ARE THE ERASER!

DER ERASER ALVAYS VINS, UND YOU THOUGHT CAPTAIN AMERICA HAD SENT ME— DOT'S GOOT! UND NOW I, DER ERASER, HAVE DER MODEL!

DER VORLD ISS MINE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA STRIPS FOR ACTION!

TAKE THE CONTROLS, BUCKY— THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

ANSWER ME--SWINE! IS THIS THE ONLY MODEL?

YES-I FINISHED IT ON THE YACHT.

DEN DIS IS VER YOU GET OFF-DER SECRET DIES MIT YOU! IF YOU VILL STEP DIS VAY--

ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT YOU HAVE THE MODEL?

CAPTAIN AMERICA CRASHES THE PARTY.

THIS IS WHERE I DRAW THE LINE--ERASER!

STAND BACK FROM THE DOOR, MANNERS!

GET HIM, DOGS! KILL HIM! IT'S DER SYINE-- CAPTAIN AMERICA!

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR INNER TUBE, FATSO!

YOU CAN'T HURT ME-- RUBBER BOUNCES!

I'LL FIX HIM!

UGH!

LOOK OUT, CAP!

SO DER GREAT CAPTAIN AMERICA THOUGHT HE COULD RESCUE DER MODEL--HA!HA!

OWWWW!

OUT MIT HIM, VILE DER OUTING ISS GOOT!

STOP OR I'LL— CRASH THE SHIP!

THE ERASER SHOWS A YELLOW STREAK.

VAIT--I DON'T VONT TO DIE. VE VILL SPARE DER CAPTAIN AMERICA-- FOR NOW.

ACCEPTING THE ERASER AT HIS WORD, BUCKY IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

CRASH THE SHIP WILL YOU? I'LL CRASH YOU!

I'LL TAKE THAT!

PARDON MY GLOVE!

A THE FIGHT RAGES IN THE CONTROL ROOM, THE PLANE STARTS TO FALL.

I DON'T VONT TO DIE, DIDN'T I TELL YOU DOT?

WHILE ON THE "CORSAIR", JANE, IS HORRIFIED AT SEEING THE FALLING PLANE.

TOO LATE TO PREVENT A CRASH, BUT I MAY BE ABLE TO EASE THE SHOCK.

THE PLANE WILL SINK IN TWO MINUTES.

I HOPE DOT FRITZ HURRIES MIT DER SPEEDBOATS.

THE RISING WATER REVIVES CAPTAIN AMERICA.

CAP--WAKE UP!

WHAT-WHERE-?

WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT MODEL, WE'VE GOT TO!

TO DER SHARKS MIT DEM!

LED BY FRITZ THE FIRE EATER, THE ERASERS MEN SPEED TO RESCUE THEIR LEADER!

YE'RE NEARLY TO DER PLANE - STEP ON DER GAS!

HAND ME THE MODEL-- OR OVER YOU GO!

CAPTAIN AMERICA GRABS THE ERASER.

THE ERASER, DOES A SOMERSAULT.

DER CAPTAIN AMERICA FORGOT THAT RUBBER STRETCHES.

YOU'LL GET IT IN DER NECK, YOU MEAN!

I'LL GET IT, CAP!

YOU'LL STRETCH FOR KILLING MANNERS TOO!

RUBBER STRETCHES DOTS GOOT. HA! HA!

WE'RE IN A TIGHT SPOT, CAP.

DIVE BUCKY-- DIVE!

LOOKS LIKE WE DONE 'FOR 'EM THAT TIME HEAD FOR THE SECRET TUNNEL!

JANE AND THE "CORSAIR'S" CAPTAIN REACH THE SPOT.

THE PLANE'S GONE UNDER-- WE'RE TOO LATE!

THOSE OTHER SPEEDBOATS MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE SURVIVORS.

LOOK-- ITS CAPTAIN AMERICA!

GOING OUR WAY, FOLKS?

CAPTAIN AMERICA GIVES CHASE.

SO YOU SEE I'VE GOT TO CATCH THE ERASER NOT ONLY TO GET THAT MODEL BACK BUT TO AVENGE YOUR FATHER'S DEATH.

DAD GAVE HIS LIFE — FOR HIS COUNTRY--

DOT CAPTAIN AMERICA'S CATCHING UP MIT US.

I'LL SEND A BOAT TO CUT HIM OFF.

THEY'RE TRYING TO RUN US DOWN! LOOKOUT!

HANG ON EVERYBODY, WE'VE GOT TO VEER SHARPLY TO GET OUT OF THIS!

THE CORSAIR'S LAUNCH IS SPLIT IN TWO.

HERE WE GO AGAIN, SERGEANT DUFFY SHOULD SEE US NOW.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ERASER'S SECRET TUNNEL UNDER THE DOCKS.

UND CAPTAIN AMERICA THOUGHT HE COULD KEEP ME FROM GETTING DER MODEL, BUT VE GIFF HIM DER SLIP, HEY, FRITZ?

UND TONIGHT VE LEAVE MIT DER MODEL FOR BERLIN. HA! HA!

NO FISHIN

VEN VE ARE UNDER DER SECRET TUNNEL HE VILL NEFFER FIND US

SEE YOU LATER, FOLKS. THANKS FOR THE LIFT.

BUT I WANT TO HELP!

THOSE BOATS DISAPPEARED AROUND HERE SOME-WHERE.

YOU SAVED MY LIFE!

WHILE AT PIER 2, JUST DOWN THE WAY, LEUTENANT ROLAND STANDS GUARD

CAPTAIN AMERICA ADMITS HE HAS MET A FOE WORTHY OF HIS STEEL

THE ERASERS SMART UP TO A POINT, BUT HERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS.

THEY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR-- AND THE MODEL WITH THEM!

NO FISHING

HERE COMES THE "CORSAIR"--AND NO SIGN OF THE ERASER YET!

JANE DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE IN HER OWN WAY.

I'VE GOT TO HELP FIND THE ERASER.

AND I'VE GOT TO BE AT PIER 2-WHEN THE CORSAIR DOCKS.

SHE FINDS HER WAY BENEATH THE DOCKS.

DAD WOULD WANT ME TO SEE JUSTICE DONE!

WHY. THE WALL'S GOING UP!

AND STUMBLES ON TO THE ERASER'S SECRET TUNNEL.

AND THERE'S THE BOAT THAT RAMMED OURS!

EAST RIVER

IT'S AN ABANDONED SUBWAY!

G-GUESS I BETTER GO BACK AND G-GET CAPTAIN AMERICA!

WHILE ATOP A SKYSCRAPER ABOVE THE SUBWAY IN THE ERASER'S SECRET PENTHOUSE --

ACH -- IT ISS DER MANNERS GIRL. SHE MUST NOT LEAVE THE TUNNEL ALIVE!

I WILL SIGNAL DER GUARDS TO BRING HER UP HERE.

THE ERASER'S MEN CAPTURE JANE!

END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, SISTER!

WHILE AT THE CORSAIR'S PIER, LIEUTENANT ROLAND HEARS BAD NEWS.

SO THAT'S THE ERASER? STOLE THE MODEL OF THE FLYING SUBMARINE.

SOMEONE TIPPED THE ERASER OFF.

AND THERE, I THINK, IS OUR MAN!

WE DECIPHERED THE MESSAGE YOU SENT THE ERASER. THE CODE WAS EASY -- YOU BROKE THE ALPHABET INTO TWO EQUAL PARTS THEN REVERSED THE LETTERS IN EACH PART

JAH- I VILL TELL ALL IF YOU ONLY LET UP MIT DER QUESTIONS! DER ERASERS HIDE OUT IS VAY UP ON TOP DER SKYVIEW BUILDING

THE SECRET SERVICE MEN, HEAD FOR THE ERASER'S HIDEOUT.

TAKE THE ERASER DEAD OR ALIVE - BUT GET THAT FLYING SUBMARINE MODEL INTACT.

DOGGEDLY, STEVE and BUCKY CONTINUE THE SEARCH

WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE ERASER BEFORE HE LEAVES FOR BERLIN.

BUT WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?

IT'S FRITZ THE FIRE-EATER. QUICK -- LET'S FOLLOW HIM ABOARD.

AT LAST -- A CLUE!

SEE THE S.38 • 25¢ • TEN MEN DIED WHEN HELP FAILED TO REACH THE STRICKEN SUBMARINE

GO RIGHT DOWN, GENTLEMEN -- I'LL FOLLOW.

S.38

AND HERE IS THE PERISCOPE CONTROL

YES BUT WHERE'S FRITZ?

HE'S GONE!

WHAT'S IN THERE?

THE TORPEDO ROOM -- NO ONE IS ALLOWED IN THERE.

WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOCKED DOOR.

EVERTING ISS READY FOR DER GET-A WAY TONIGHT MIT DER MODEL?

JAH--VE FOOLED DER POLICE GOOT! VE INSTALLED DER ENGINES MIT OUT NOBODY KNOWING.

WELL I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO SEE AROUND HERE.

BUT, CAP -- WHAT ABOUT FRITZ?

A LIGHTNING CHANGE TAKES PLACE, AND THEN...

NOW WE'RE GOING BACK WITH FISTS FLYING.

I GET YOU, CAP.

OUT OF THE WAY, CRUMB!

CAPTAIN AMERICA! HELP!

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, SVINE AMERICAN!

THAT HIGH ENOUGH FOR YOU, FRITZIE?

WHAP

KEEP 'EM FLYING, BUCKY. YOUR FISTS I MEAN.

SHOOT HIM! KILL HIM!

AS SOON AS HE TURNS HIS BACK I VILL-- UGH!

OH, YOU VILL VILL YOU?

FRITZ IS RUNNING AWAY-AFTER HIM, BUCKY!

THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

THERE HE GOES!

FRITZ the FIRE-EATER DOES A VANISHING ACT.

HE CAME UP HERE-- AND DISAPPEARED! HOW? WHERE?

GOLLY, CAP-- WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

SUBWAY

NOT IN USE

THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE HE COULD HAVE GONE.

GIF HIM DER VORKS, MAKE HIM PAY FOR HITTING ME!

PAY AS YOU ENTER EH?

DUMBKOFFS! IMBECILES! FIGHT DEM LIKE MEN, YOU DOGS!

DON'T CALL THEM DOGS, YOU RAT!

WHEN YOU HEAR THE GONG, IT WILL BE EXACTLY TOO LATE.

NOW LEAD US TO THE ERASER--BUT FAST!

EAST RIVER

AS FRITZ PRESSES THE ELEVATOR BUTTON...

DER ERASER VILL ERASE ME FOR THIS.

NOT WHEN I GET THROUGH STRETCHING HIM, HE WON'T!

THE WARNING IS FLASHED TO THE ERASER HIGH ABOVE.

SO MIT YOUR FATHER'S FLYING SUBMARINE, DER NAZIS VILL INVADE ENGLAND, DEN AMERICA... ACH, DER VARNING BUZZER...

GOOT! GOOT! CAPTAIN AMERICA SHALL VATCH YOU DIE...

UND DEN CAPTAIN AMERICA DIES TOO!

WHILE AT THE ENTRANCE BELOW, LIEUTENANT ROLAND PREPARES TO STORM THE ERASER'S HIDEOUT.

SKYVIEW BUILDING

GUARD ALL EXITS. IF THE ERASER COMES DOWN, GET HIM.. BUT REMEMBER, NOTHING MUST HAPPEN TO THE MODEL.

"X" MARK'S PENTHOUSE OF ERASER, ABANDONED SUBWAY SHOWN BELOW. SECRET SERVICE MEN DO NOT KNOW OF SECRET ELEVATOR-- A WAY OF ESCAPE IS OPEN!

X

SUBWAY STATION

SURPRISE!

AH-A RECEPTION.

JANE! SO HE GOT YOU TOO?

SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT DER MODEL, SO OFF DER ROOF MIT HER

REMOVE DER GAG UND DER ROPES, IT MUST LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT.

THE BUILDING'S SURROUNDED - SECRET SERVICE MEN ARE AT THE DOOR!

ACH, VE MUST VORK FAST. OVER DER SIDE MIT DER GIRL -- UND DER CAPTAIN AMERICA QUICK!

HELP!

OUTSIDE THE PENTHOUSE DOOR, LIEUTENANT ROLAND HEARS JANE'S AGONIZED CRY.

WITH A SUPER HUMAN EFFORT, CAPTAIN AMERICA BURSTS FROM HIS CAPTORS.

HELP!

DOWN WITH THE DOOR MEN -- HE'RE GOING IN!

PUT THAT GIRL DOWN!

SURE, WE'LL PUT HER DOWN. DOWN IN THE STREET!

CAPTAIN AMERICA MAKES A DARING RESCUE IN MID-AIR!

STICK AROUND--THE FUN'S JUST STARTING

BACK IN A MINUTE, JANE!

HOW CLUMSY OF ME!

CAP-LOOK! THE ERASER'S RUNNING OFF WITH JANE!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME -- OR THE MODEL, EITHER!

COME IN ROLAND YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE SHOWDOWN!

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

CHARGE HIM, MEN--HE'S CORNERED!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

THE ERASER TAKES THE ONLY WAY OUT--A DEATH PLUNGE THROUGH HIS POTRAIT AND DROPS MANY FLOORS BELOW.

DER GIRL CRASHES MIT ME--UND DER MODEL GOES TO SMITHERBENS!

EEOOWW!

QUICK--TO THE DOCKS!

JUST AS I THOUGHT HE'S HEADING FOR THE OCEAN-- WITH THE MODEL!

CAP, THE SUB'S GONE!

HE CAN'T SUBMERGE HERE-- WE'LL FOLLOW IN THE COAST GUARD CUTTER!

SEE THE
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WE CAN'T SINK HER WITH JANE AND THE MODEL ABOARD.

I'LL TRY FOR THE CONNING TOWER.

CAPTAIN AMERICA SCORES A BULL'S EYE.

BOOM!

HAND UP THE GIRL AND THE MODEL-OR WE'LL BLOW YOU TO BITS!

THE FLYING SUBMARINE MODEL IS SAVED FOR UNCLE SAM.

I GRABBED DER MODEL FROM HIM. BUT THE ERASER'S GOING DOWN MIT DER SHIP!

VON TING YOU FORGOT, CAPTAIN AMERICA-- RUBBER FLOATS. VE'LL MEET YOU AGAIN, UND VHEN VE DO-VATCH OUT!

MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I CAN'T THANK CAPTAIN AMERICA TOO, FOR SAVING AMERICA FROM A DEADLY PERIL!

HE SAID, HE WOULD BE TOO BUSY TO COME.

BACK AT CAMP LEHIGH 10 MINUTES LATER RETURNING FROM THEIR LEAVE.

AW SARGE HAVE A HEART!

WHO-- ME?

CAPTAIN DARING AND HIS SKY-SHARKS

DRAWINGS by ALEX SCHOMBURG

THE NAZIS WERE RUTHLESS IN THEIR METHODS ... AND DOUBLE CROSSING WAS AN ART WITH THEM, BUT CAPTAIN DARING AND HIS SKY SHARKS TURNED THE TABLES AND GAVE THEM TROUBLE WHOLESALE!

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND -- IN A SMALL UNDERGROUND TEA SHOP ...

WHO IS THAT WHO JUST CAME IN?

WHY, IT'S LEE BRADFORD, THEY CALL HIM CAPTAIN DARING -- HE COMMANDS THE SKY SHARKS

EVERYBODY KNOWS THEM!

NO YOU DON'T -- LIEUTENANT RAEGER!

HERE ... LET ME GO!

OH!

YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE AND WE HAVE YOU NOW ...

OHH!

HE HIT HIM!

NOW BEHAVE, LIEUTENANT, OR I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP!

THE NERVE! STRIKING A BRITISH OFFICER!

LET HIM GO!

OW! HEY!

LEE HURRIEDLY TURNS TO SEE LIEUTENANT RAEGER GETTING AWAY!

STOP HIM! HE'S A SPY!

OUT OF MY WAY!

OFF!

ZEKE MALLON, ONE OF THE SKY SHARKS, ENTERS WITH SEVERAL MILITARY POLICEMEN

DID YOU GET HIM?

NO! HE GOT AWAY THROUGH THE BACK! WE'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW! HE'LL PROBABLY SCRAM BACK TO NAZILAND!

LEE TURNS TO THE GIRL...

THANKS TO YOU, MISS, WE LET A DANGEROUS SPY SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS!

A SPY! OH!! I DIDN'T REALIZE!..

YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO HARSH, CAPTAIN. VALERIE HAS HAD SO MUCH GRIEF LATELY... HER FATHER, COLONEL WELLING WAS CAPTURED BY THE NAZIS LAST WEEK AND THEY'RE HOLDING HIM AS A HOSTAGE!

COLONEL WELLING? THAT MAKES MATTERS WORSE

OH! WHAT HAVE I DONE!

IT WAS LIEUTENANT RAEGER, THE ESCAPED SPY, WHO RADIOED INFORMATION THAT YOUR FATHER WAS IN A PLANE OVER GERMANY - THEY LAID A TRAP FOR HIM - HE WAS CAPTURED!

OH!

I'VE BEEN DETAILED TO GET YOUR FATHER BACK. WE'RE GOING TO EXCHANGE AIR MARSHAL VON HAPZ WHO HAD BEEN CAPTURED RECENTLY, FOR HIM!

YOU MUST BRING HIM BACK, CAPTAIN, YOU MUST!

LATER--AT THE AIRPORT...

HERE HE IS, CAPTAIN! MARSHAL VON HAPZ... TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!

AHH..THE AUDACIOUS CAPTAIN DARING!

THAT'S ONE NAZI WHO HAS FATTENED UP QUITE A BIT AT BRITISH EXPENSE...

ESCORT THE MARSHAL TO THE BOMBER, ZEKE! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

YES, CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN DARING CONFRONTS THE OTHER SKY SHARKS

SORRY, BOYS! THIS MISSION WILL HAVE TO BE CARRIED OUT ALONE! THAT'S ORDERS

AW! AND WE JOINED THIS OUTFIT FOR ACTION!

THE BOMBER CARRYING VON HAPZ TAKES OFF AS THE DEJECTED SKY SHARKS WATCH.

THERE THEY GO!

ZEKE MALLON IS A LUCKY GUY TO ACCOMPANY THE CAPTAIN!

HOURS LATER

HERE WE ARE, BERLIN! THERE'S THE AIRPORT AHEAD PREPARE TO LAND!

GOOD THING WE'RE UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE -- FUNNY, BUT I WISH WE HAD A LOAD OF BOMBS NOW INSTEAD OF "PORK MEAT" BACK THERE!

HOW DOES THE EXCHANGE TAKE PLACE?

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO TURN OVER COLONEL WELLING THE MINUTE VON HAPZ IS RETURNED... ODD. I DON'T SEE HIM!

HEIL HITLER! MARSHAL VON HAPZ

HEIL HITLER!

THEN...

YOU ARE NOW PRISONERS OF THE GREAT REICH !!

WHAT ?? HEY, LEE...

CALM DOWN, ZEKE... I WAS AFRAID OF THIS. A DOUBLE CROSS!

BEE AND ZEKE ARE "ESCORTED" TO BERLIN--

I'M SURE COLONEL WELLING WILL BE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU BOYS!

YEH---

TREACHERY SEEMS TO BE SECOND NATURE WITH YOU GUYS.

"TREACHERY"? NO! LET'S CALL IT AN ACT OF CONVENIENCE!

HOTEL

BALONEY!

HMM! A HOTEL!

THE TWO CAPTIVES ARE BROUGHT INTO THE HOTEL AND.

CAPTAIN DARING! THEY'VE GOT YOU-- THE BLINKING DOUBLE CROSSERS!

GUESS YOURE RIGHT COLONEL WELLING!

IF I EVER GET OUT OF HERE I'LL ...

YOU'LL DO NOTHING

CAPTAIN DARING, AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS!

LIEUTENANT RAEGER, THE SPY!

YES! LOOKS LIKE I BEAT YOU BACK HERE TO GERMANY!

SIR, IT WAS RAEGER WHO INFORMED THE NAZIS OF YOUR OBSERVANCE FLIGHT OVER GERMANY. THEY TRAPPED YOU!

LIEUTENANT RAEGER OF THE BRITISH AIR CORPS?.. I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU... IT IS TRUE!

PARDON US - GENTLEMEN WHILE WE DISCUSS WHAT CONCENTRATION CAMP YOU SHALL BE INTERNED IN!--WE HAVE A LOVELY ONE IN SPALZBURG ... THEY DIE LIKE FLIES THERE ... TCH ... TCH ... TCH ...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

LATER...

GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T SEARCH US!

YUP! THIS SCREW-DRIVER YOU HAD IS JUST THE THING. SHE'S LOOSE NOW!

DARN IT!

THE DOOR OPENS SOFTLY AND ....

YOU!!

YES!

BUT—

?

HERE! TAKE THIS— DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS—

HUH? WHY— SURE!

LET US PASS!

BUT, HERR RAEGER— VON HAPZ SAID—

"GO TO SLEEP MY MELANCHOLY BABY," THAT'S WHAT VON HAPZ SAID!

OHHHH!!!

FOLLOW ME!

WE'RE STICKING LIKE GLUE, BROTHER!

AS THEY ENTER THE KITCHEN OF THE HOTEL—

RAEGER! YOU TRAITOR—SHOOT THEM DOWN!

OH OH!

BUT LEE "POTS" THE GUARD!

DONNER! OW-W!!

KLUNK

HAMMER YOUR HEAD ON THIS, CHUMP!

DEATH TO TRAITORS!!

OW-W-W! I'M HIT!!

SUDDENLY ZEKE POPS INTO ACTION AS RAEGER FIRES A SHOT AT THE REMINING GUARD.

I'LL BET THIS IS YOUR CROWNING GLORY!

AGHRAR!

MUST-- GET-- HIM--

OFFFAW!

THE SHOW IS OVER FOR YOU, VON HAPZ--YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

Y-YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!

OUTSIDE ...

O.K., FATTY... INTO THE CAR!

EASY, RAEGER!

HELP! I'M BEING KIDNAPPED!

SHUT UP, STUFF OR I'LL PUT A HOLE IN YOUR CARCASS!

STOP.. OR I SHOOT!

GIVE 'ER THE GUN, LEE!

CAPTAIN DARING'S FOOT SLAMS DOWN ON THE ACCELERATOR!

START SHOOTING, HUNS!

YIPPEE! BREAK THAT LINE, YALE!

OW

DONNER

DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY! ACH!!

STOP!

STOP ME EYE! SO LONG SOLDIERS!

LIKE A MAD HORNET, LEE DRIVES THE CAR TO THE AIRPORT THEY CAME FROM OUTSIDE OF BERLIN!

LOOK! THERE'S OUR BOMBER!

RIGHT... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET THROUGH THAT GATE FIRST!

THE FIELD CAR JUMPS AHEAD AND..

WHAT A HIT AND RUN DRIVER YOU'D MAKE, LEE!

WITH THESE NAZIS IT'S A PLEASURE!

OWHOO!

CRASH

G-GO ON.. I'M FINISHED.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OUT OF YOU RAEGER. BUT YOU'RE O.K. FOR MY MONEY!

HURRY LEE!

COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. MOTHER AND DAD WERE CAUGHT BY THE NAZIS IN FRANCE WHEN WAR BROKE OUT.. THEY FORCED ME TO SPY ON MY COUNTRY...

BUT... THE NAZIS WILL KILL THEM NOW!

--I JUST LEARNED TODAY THAT-- THEY'VE BEEN DEAD--SIX MONTHS-- DIED IN CONCENTRATION CAMP-- TELL THEM I'M NO TRAITOR. COULDN'T HELP IT... LOVE BRITAIN ALWAYS... AGHRRR--

DEAD... POOR FELLOW...

THEN--

ALL RIGHT. LET'S GO!

LOOK!

HAH!! YOU'RE TRAPPED!

A MACHINE GUN BETWEEN US AND THE PLANE!

HAH! HAH! TRAPPED!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY? IF THEY SHOOT YOU DIE FIRST!

YEAH, POOKEY FACE... GET IN FRONT HERE! THEY WON'T DARE FIRE ON YOU!

N-NO! DON'T! YOU'LL HAVE ME MURDERED!

HOW NICE..

HEY! THEY'RE IN BACK OF US TOO!

SURRENDER OR VE FIRE!

A WHOLE DETAIL ...AND WITH SUB-MACHINE GUNS!

LEE! I HEAR A PLANE AND IT SOUNDS LIKE...

I CAN'T SEE IT YET... SUN'S IN MY EYES!

THE PLANE DIVES RECKLESSLY ABOVE THE NAZI DETAIL AND...

A SOUVENIR FROM SOUTHAMPTON, BOYS!

BOOM

A SKY SHARK

YEH... BUT HOW...? WHY?

YIII!

YEH! PEPPER THEM WITH PELLETS!

ANOTHER ONE! COME ON BOYS, MAKE THINGS HOT FOR 'EM!

RAT-TAT-TAT

RAT-TAT-TAT

YEOWW!

AGHRR!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE THEM COME, BUT WE'LL ASK QUESTIONS LATER. RIGHT NOW WE GOTTA SCRAM OUT OF HERE!

BUT FAST! MOVE, FATTY!

PUFF PUFF

STOP POKING THAT GUN IN MY RIBS!

THEY ENTER THE BOMBER JUST AS...

DUCK! THERE'S A MESSERSCHMITT GUNNING US FROM THE FIELD!

RAT-TAT

RATHER CLOSE, EH!

BUT AN ANGRY SKY SHARK DESCENDS ON THE MENACING PLANE AND...

SEND THE PIECES TO HITLER!

GOOD BOY!

BOOOM

MOTORS JUMP TO LIFE AND THE LIGHT BOMBER TAKES OFF THROUGH A HAIL OF TRACER SHELLS!

THAT AIN'T CRICKET... SHOOTING AT THEIR BACK

THAT'S OVER! WE'VE GOT COLONEL WELLING AND MARSHAL VON HAPPY TO BOOT!

YEH... BUT HE'S FAR FROM HAPPY... BUCK UP, MARSHAL!

OW!

ENGLAND... SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

OH, FATHER, YOU'RE SAFE!

HEY... BILL!

SAY! HOW DID YOU FELLOWS KNOW WE WERE IN TROUBLE?

IT WAS QUEER--SOME GUY IN GERMANY WARNED US OF THE DOUBLE CROSS... HE EVEN KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO ESCAPE... CALLED HIMSELF "ONE WHO LOVES BRITAIN ALWAYS" SO NATURALLY WE CAME GUNNING!

RAEGER-OF COURSE! IT WAS HIS ONLY WAY OF GETTING EVEN WITH THE NAZIS!

HAH! GET YOURSELF OUT OF THIS ONE, CAPTAIN DARING!

BUT SUDDENLY, LEE'S THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED...

HEY... WAIT!

OH, LEE BRADFORD YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

MARVEL BOY

FATE! WHAT IS THE DESTINY THAT REACHES OUT WITH STRONG YET INVISIBLE FINGERS AND SIEZES US WHEN WE LEAST EXPECT IT?

FATE AND DESTINY CLAWED BACK INTO ANCIENT TIMES, JOINED HANDS, AND CAUGHT TIMID MARTIN BURNS IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT, AND GAVE RISE TO THE MOST AMAZING PHENOMENON OF THE 20TH CENTURY—

MARVEL BOY!

STOP ... GO

A SCHOOL TEACHER TAKES HER CLASS TO THE MUSEUM.

AND THESE, CHILDREN, ARE EGYPTIAN MUMMIES. WHEN THE EGYPTIANS BURIED THEIR DEAD, THEY PLACED PERSONAL EFFECTS, AND EVEN BLOOD EXTRACT, IN THE MUMMY CASE

G-GOSH!

I FEEL FUNNY, STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO DEAD BODIES THAT ARE THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD!

... AS THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR LOOKS ON, THE TEACHER POINTS TO A VERY OLD MUMMY.

THIS IS THE MUMMY OF HERCULES, WHO, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, WAS THE STRONGEST, MOST POWERFUL CHAMPION OF RIGHT THAT EVER LIVED

RIGHT!

AND NOW IS THE TIME WHEN AMERICA CAN USE A CHAMPION!

IT SURE WON'T BE MARTIN BURNS! HE'S SCARED OF HIS OWN SHADOW!

I-I'D LIKE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

HA-HA

BY ACCIDENT, A KID KNOCKS OVER THE MUMMY OF HERCULES...

OOPS! I LEANED TOO HARD— LOOK OUT, MARTIN!

OH! I-I CAN'T GET AWAY!

AS THE MUMMY FALLS, SOME "PERSONAL EFFECTS" INSIDE, FALL ON MARTIN BURNS.

MY ARM! H-IT'S CUT- BLEEDING!

MARTIN'S HURT! GET A DOCTOR- QUICK!

THAT VIAL WITH THE MUMMY'S EXTRACT CUT INTO HIM!

GOSH!

BUT, FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

WHAT... THAT DEEP CUT HAS HEALED, DOCTOR!

YES! EITHER YOU FOLKS HAVE BEEN SEEING THINGS OR A MIRACLE HAS HAPPENED

SHAME ON MARTIN! HE CRIED WHEN NOTHING HAPPENED!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS!

NEITHER CAN I!

I WAS CUT ALL RIGHT, BUT I FEEL FINE, NOW.

THE TEACHER CONTINUES THE MUSEUM TOUR.

NOW WE WILL GO TO THE NEXT WING. PLEASE PUSH THE DOOR FOR ME MARTIN.

YES, MISS PRIM

MARTIN BURNS TOUCHES THE HEAVY DOOR...

GUESS I PUSHED TOO HARD!

LET ME OUT- STOP THIS DOOR!

WHOOSH!!

YES, MISS PRIM.

DID YOU SEE THAT? MARTIN STOPPED THE DOOR WITH HIS FINGER TIPS!

LATE THAT AFTERNOON, AS MARTIN GOES HOME, HE WONDERS ABOUT THE DAY'S HAPPENINGS.

GEE! I'VE SUDDENLY BECOME SO POWERFUL! WONDER IF IT COULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT MUMMY THAT FELL ON ME?

HOLY SMOKE!! THE GLASS VIAL THAT CUT ME MIGHT HAVE BEEN FILLED WITH THE EXTRACT FROM THE BLOOD OF HERCULES!!!

CAN IT BE?

CAN IT BE?

THAT NIGHT, ME IS FILLED WITH THOUGHTS OF WHAT HAPPENED.

I WILL TELL YOU WHY!

I CAN'T SLEEP! WHY CAN'T I FALL ASLEEP?

YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BY FATE TO REPRESENT ME IN THE 20TH CENTURY. YOU WILL **NEVER** SLEEP WHILE FORCES OF EVIL AND OPPRESSION ARE ABOUT!

HERCULES!

HERE! I GIVE YOU MY CLOAK AND MY FLYING COSTUME. WEAR THEM—BUT NEVER REVEAL THE SECRET!

CRASH

THESE WILL GIVE YOU NEW AND MARVELLOUS POWERS YOU WILL BE KNOWN AS *MARVEL BOY!*

AS **MARVEL BOY** ADMIRES HIS NEW UNIFORM IN THE MIRROR, A SHADOW APPEARS—AND SPEAKS...

YOU'LL BE AS STRONG AS HERCULES—AS FAST AS A WINGED MERCURY—AS WISE AND GOOD AS LINCOLN—AND NEVER FAIL TO FIGHT EVIL! THE TIME IS NOW—

GO!

FLASHED THROUGH SPACE BY POWER FROM HERCULES, **MARVEL BOY** FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE NEIGHBORHOOD.

THERE'S THE EVIL HERCULES SPOKE OF—FLAMES—FIRE!

HIGH ABOVE THE CROWDS, HIS CRIES UNHEEDED, **MARVEL BOY** SEES A MAN—FLAMES ALL AROUND.... DEATH ABOVE AND BELOW...

FIRE IS EVIL ENOUGH! I'LL FIGHT IT—TRUE TO MY PLEDGE!

BUT HOW?

QUICKLY, MARVEL BOY GOES INTO ACTION!

HOLD STEADY! I'LL BE THERE IN A SECOND!

MARVEL BOY FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH FIRE AND SMOKE— TO SAFETY!

HOLY SMOKE! WILL YA LOOKIT THAT!

A REAL "SMOKE" EATER"!

SECONDS LATER...

SO, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW THE FIRE STARTED?

HE WENT TO BED SMOKING THIS CIGARETTE! I JUST PICKED IT UP NEAR THERE.

ED.

NO!

BUT THE MAN DENIES THE CHARGE!

YOU SAY YOU NEVER SMOKE?

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M A SIGNAL-MAN IN THE SUBWAY, AND I REFUSED TO OBEY FIFTH-COLUMNISTS, SO THEY TRIED TO KILL ME!

SPIES WANTED ME TO CROSS UP THE SIGNALS, SO THERE'D BE A WRECK! THEY TORTURED ME AND TOOK MY CONFIDENTIAL LIST OF ELECTRIC SIGNALS! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THE RUSH HOUR!

MARVEL BOY MAKES A LIGHTNING DEDUCTION— THEN RUSHES OFF!

YOU THINK THEY DRUGGED HIM, SET FIRE TO THE BED, THEN PLANTED THE CIGARETTE?

RIGHT! I'D BETTER GET STARTED!

MEANWHILE...

STARK TERROR STRIKES IN THE MAIN SIGNAL STATION OF THE SUBWAY!

TAKE THAT, AMERICAN FOOL!

GOOD WORK, VON BLUBBER!

THE NAZI VERMIN QUICKLY TAKE OVER THE HEART OF THE SUBWAY CONTROL.

DEY ARE ALL TIED UP GOOT, VON BLUBBER!

JA! NOW TO TIE UP THE MILLIONS WHO WILL BE RIDING IN DE TRAINS··· ALL FROM DIS SWITCHBOARD- GOOT!

HA!

MIT DIS LIST DOT VE TOOK VROM DE SIGNALMAN, VE VILL TURN ALL RED LIGHTS GREEN DURING THE MORNING RUSH HOUR- WHICH STARTS IN **TWO MINUTES!**

VE VILL WRECK DER SUBWAYS UND KILL MILLIONS! AMERICA VILL NOT LIKE DOT, NEIN?

STOP GO

JUST AS THE SINISTER NAZI IS ABOUT TO PULL THE LEVER, **MARVEL BOY** CRASHES IN!

VOT ISS? WHO BUTTS IN ALREADY?

YOU'LL KNOW IN A MINUTE!

WHO? DIS SCHWEIN!

CRASH

I'M GOING TO PUT THE "STOP" SIGNAL ON YOU!

OW!

BUT THE OTHER NAZIS ARE ROUSED TO ACTION!

KILL DER MEDDLER!

CATCH HIM FIRST!

SPLASH

SWIFTLY, AMERICA'S NEW SUPER-HERO WHIZZES AROUND!

THE ONLY WRECKS IN THIS SUBWAY WILL BE **NAZIS**— NOT TRAINS!

WHILE MARVEL BOY IS POUNDING AWAY AT THE NAZIS, ONE OF THEM, UNSEEN, PULLS A SWITCH!

HE ISS TOO LATE! I HAVE SIGNALLED ALL TRAINS TO GO AHEAD!... HA-HA!

GO

CLUNK

THE MOTORMAN OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN SEES THE SIGNAL - AND NOT KNOWING THAT A PACKED TRAIN IS STOPPED AT THE STATION AROUND THE BEND! DISASTER SEEMS INEVITABLE!

SIGNALS DON'T SEEM RIGHT, BUT ORDERS IS ORDERS... SO HERE I GO - FULL SPEED AHEAD!

BUT... IN THE SIGNAL STATION, AN ALERT FIGURE ACTS SWIFTLY!

THE SAFEST THING TO DO IS TO STOP ALL TRAINS IMMEDIATELY... AND STOP YOUR BREATHING!

AAAH-!

THE MOTORMAN OF THE EXPRESS CATCHES THE SIGNAL JUST IN TIME! BRAKES SQUEAL!... THE TRAIN SCREECHES TO A STOP - INCHES FROM THE OTHER TRAIN!

WHEW!

SCREECH

HALF AN HOUR LATER, WHEN THE POLICE AND SUBWAY OFFICIALS ARRIVE AT THE SIGNAL STATION...

LOOK! A CARD!

WHO COULD HAVE TRUSSED UP THESE FIFTH-COLUMNISTS?

THAT'S VON BLUBBER THE F.B.I. IS AFTER HIM!

Sorry I got the signals I should, but it was the only way to save the Marvel Boy.

WELL DONE, MARVEL BOY!

THE SAME MORNING MARTIN BURNS COMES TO CLASS LATE.

TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T BRAINS ENOUGH TO TAKE THE SUBWAY... IT'S FASTER THAN WALKING, YOU KNOW!

YES, MISS PRIM, SORRY I WAS LATE.

GREAT HERCULES! ANOTHER MARVEL BOY ADVENTURE COMING! SEE NEXT ISSUE.

"I Hate" WOMEN

◆ ◆ ◆

"LOOSELEAF, you're fired!" The managing editor of the Morning Herald slammed the wet proofs of Lester Looseleaf's latest story on his cluttered desk. Then, with unnecessary meanness, added: "as a newspaper reporter, you'd make a good farmer!—you're supposed to write news, man, not editorials!"

Lester Looseleaf looked his *former* boss squarely in the eyes. If this razor-tongued, short-sighted, excuse for an editor expected Les to wilt under his lip-lashing, he was due for a big surprise. For, instead of trembling in his boots and sheepishly pleading for another chance—Looseleaf suddenly let out with a loud "whoop"!—leaned over the big desk—took the editor's pop-eyed face between his palms—and kissed it!

Then, with the general air of a man having just been released from prison, he dashed out of the office—through the "city room"

The colored elevator boy beamed as he shut the door and started down. He was always happy to see Les's broad smile. "Looks like you're on the tail of something hot, Mr. Looseleaf!"

"Nope, Willie—on the other hand, you're looking at a *free man!*" Les exclaimed—exposing a line of sparkling teeth that set off his tanned skin like tracer bullets in a blackout. However, his youthful appearance was somewhat marred by his bald—though well-shaped head.

"You mean you *quit* the Herald?" Willie asked. "Why?"

"No, I didn't quit — I was *fired!*" Les continued to smile—Willie asked, "But—what's so good about *that?* Don't you *like* to work?"

Not caring to go into a long explanation, Les continued to smile as he walked out of the elevator—

Yes, Lester Looseleaf was a free man. Free to do now what *he* wanted . . . instead of following the every whim of a rheumatic managing editor. For years he had been the Don Juan of the city room . . .

The cue-ball drawback was overcome somewhat with the addition (at the managing editor's suggestion — pointedly backed up with a threat) of the fuzzy thing he now felt in his pocket; a toupe (wig to you).

Everything from tea parties to afternoon bridges, with an occasional fashion show injected for the sake of variety, made up his assignments. It seemed that the women readers (especially when he met them in person—which was all too often for Lester) thought our hero was "cute"! And as a result, he was now thoroughly disgusted with the "fair sex." So thoroughly disgusted that it can best be told by mentioning the fact that his delight in being fired was also largely due to his almost completed book . . . "I Hate Women!"

"I'll grow a long beard and shine my pate with floor wax twice a day!" Les mused, not without a tinge of menace. "And I'll ride trolley cars for hours on end for no other reason than to deprive women of a seat!" Looseleaf laughed hysterically to himself . . . just loud enough to completely frighten two female window shoppers and send them scurrying down the street in terror.

This topped off the day for Les, so he hopped into a cab and sped to his room at the "Y".

For two weeks Les never left the room or the typewriter . . . putting the choicest of venom into his masterpiece. Finally, on a foggy Tuesday morning . . . it was complete. Then, with an almost passionate frenzy, he called his publisher. However . . . a woman answered the phone and Les dropped it like it had burned his fingers. He called another, not having made any contract as yet, but didn't succeed in hearing a manly voice until, through the process of elimination, he had called seven publishers.

Then it was a matter of detail . . . the contract, financial advances, and so forth. All this didn't matter too much. Les ran through them carelessly . . . letting the publisher take the worries.

And it did come, Lester's "der tag"! Followed by baskets of letters. He didn't even read them . . . knowing all too well that they contained indignant sputterings and hair-pulling threats. Les sat on his bed and threw a match into the pile in the large metal waste basket. He bounced gleefully up and down as he watched the conflagration. Then it happened . . . the phone rang.

"Hello? This is Lester Looseleaf, author of "I Hate Women!" Let's hear it, lady . . . I want to take it! "Les chuckled to himself and waited for the verbal explosion to follow. Instead, an oily, self-satisfied, man's voice vibrated the little black disk in the receiver.

"Hello, Les." The voice purred . . . and it didn't take our hero long to recognize it!

"Why, Mr. Cutter!" Les took a better hold on the phone. It was his *former* managing editor! This was going to be good, Les thought. Imagine the shock *he* must have gotten after reading the book . . . and the mail he must have received regarding his one-time fair-wigged boys. "What can I do for you, chum?"

"Well . . . a number of things."

the voice said with obvious pleasure (a factor our Les couldn't at first understand) . . "But why not drop down to the office and see me. We can talk better here . . ."

"Sure," Looseleaf sured, "but I don't get it . . ."

"You will," Cutter cut. "But,

"What's that old buzzard got up his moth-eaten sleeve *now?*" Les looked at the dedication on the fly-leaf of the book once again . . "This book is respectfully dedicated to Mr. Cuthbert Cutter, without whose help I could never have worked myself up to writing this thesis!"

"An exacting slur," Les convinced himself. "So what in the name of journalism could make that paste-pot reporter suddenly turn *friend?*" But this wasn't getting the mystery solved . . so Looseleaf zipped up his checkered vest, screwed on his derby, and securely wrapped his fingers around the briefcase that housed his first edition

Hailing a cab . . being careful this time to select a woman driver, he hopped in After a moment's riding, he snatched out an extra copy of his work and presented it to the hair-pinning hackie.

Les sat back, quite ready to collect the fruits of his labor . . .

The taxi stopped for a red light and the driver glanced casually at the book Suddenly she looked again . . . then back at her passenger Seeing the resemblance between the large picture of the author on the book jacket and the bloke she was piloting, she let out a funny yelp . pressed her high heels on the throttle and shot the cab ahead! Zipping through traffic with the speed of a rocket ship dodging stray comets, she drove until she came to a large building —bearing a sign which read: "Annual Convention of Women Taxi Drivers of America!"

Lester Looseleaf took in the words with a gulping glance . . . gripped his grab-bag and glided out the window without opening the door or touching the sides of the pane's frame! Down the street he ran . even rivaling the speed with which the taxi had only a few moments before brought him! Jeeps! He thought, they would have shredded him to bits if she had gotten him inside and with a new and fearful respect of womankind . . .

His fears were well grounded too, he thought. Everywhere he looked he saw women. There were women conductors on the trolleys, women truck drivers on the streets, and women riveters in the plants the trolley passed. He grew more and more certain that he should have at least had the sense to have kept his picture off the cover of the book . . but it was too late. The damage had been done. Every woman who read his book would remember his face. Oh, what a mess!

Reaching the newspaper building, he ducked in entered the elevator and called out the floor number The operator turned at the sound of his voice and shrieked excitedly. "Mr Looseleaf!"

"Willie! In the name of heaven . . why do you have such a high-pitched voice! I thought you were —" But Willie only laughed.

"I know, Mr Looseleaf I've seen your book! Ha! ha! You've got *plenty* to be scared about!" At this point the elevator stopped at the right floor and Les scurried out. He passed the secretaries before they had a chance to see him and ducked into the editor's office.

Mr Cutter turned in his chair and smiled "Looseleaf, my boy! Glad to see you! We've just gotten the first proofs "

"Oh," Les started. Cutter's old line catching him unawares. "Hope you like the yarn, boss, I —What am I talking about? I haven't done any stuff for you! What's the gag, Cutter?"

"It's no gag, Les, my boy . . ." Cutter beamed. "It's *your* story! Here, look for yourself!" Cutter shoved a bunch of wet galley proofs at Les.

"What th—! How in—" Looseleaf was beside himself but he finally calmed down a bit and got the story straight. "What's the meaning of this? You're running "I Hate Women!" as a continued feature! I haven't given you my permission to—" But here Cutter cut in.

"You didn't have to . . . your publisher did. He said you gave him the right to make up the contract however he saw fit. Don't fret my boy, you'll get your proper royalties!"

"Oh, so I did . . ." Les remembered his flighty conversation with his publisher. "But I still don't get it! You built me up as a glorified glamour boy . And now this sudden turn-about . . ."

"Nothing strange about it at all, friend," Cutter continued "I was a bit reluctant myself at first but when I checked and found out my hunch was true, I promptly bought the rights!"

"Hunch? Rights? What gr.. ?" Les sat down before his kn.. mutinied

"Simply this!" Cutter clamped his clutchers on a clipping and shoved it under Looseleaf's well-shaped nose. "Read it and weep, Jeep!"

Well, Lester Looseleaf did. He read and he weeped, wept and read, until both well-placed eyes grew red in his well-tanned head. It seems our hero forgot one important thing in his plan to pan the gals Women hate women! They *loved* his book, he'd put more words in their mouths than they could ever think of themselves with which to best their battling rivals, beloved friends and bristling relatives.

The last we heard of our hero, he was married...and to a woman. He had hired her to help him sign his autograph on the hundreds and hundreds of books at women's teas and bridges (yes, and even at Fashion shows)

THE END

BOYS AND GALS, MEET

DISK-EYES the DETECTIVE

— THE TERRIBLE TERROR OF FOREIGN SPIES, SABOTEURS AND OTHER SUCH VILLAINOUS VERMIN! YES, HERE IS THAT MONSTROUS, MUDDLED MESS OF MENTALITY — THE DIZZIEST DICK EVER TO DECORATE A DOME WITH A DERBY! WATCH HIM, NOW, AS HE WHIPS HIMSELF INTO ACTION!

THERE HE IS!

SHHH! CRIME IS IN THE AIR! MY SENSITIVE TONSILS DETECT THE EVIL VIBRATIONS OF SOME WICKED INDIVIDUAL SCHEMING TO COMMIT A DASTARDLY DEED!

TIPPY TABLE CAFE

BASIL WOLVERTON

—AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN THE HANGOUT OF A CERTAIN ALIEN ARCH FIEND.....

MEN, WE NEED MORE MONEY TO BUY MORE BOMBS TO TOSS INTO MORE MACHINERY! I, SPIDER McSTRANGLE, AM GOING TO GET THAT MONEY!

HOW?

LEAVE IT TO SPIDER, DOPE! HE'S GOT BRAINS!

CRUNCH!

YESSIR, WITHIN A FEW MINUTES I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF DOUGH!

AHA! THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CHARACTER! I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

McSTRANGLE ENTERPRISES

LOOTING
LYING
LYNCHING
ETC, ETC.

HERE'S WHERE I GET IT!

HMM! I'LL SLIP INSIDE AND SEE WHAT GOES ON!

SLIPPERY RIVER BANK

T. ROBBED OWNERS
PRESIDENT

PARK YOUR GUM HERE OVERNIGHT. 10¢ A WEEK

SO YOU'RE THE PRESIDENT OF THIS BANK, EH? WELL, MY NAME IS SPIDER McSTRANGLE, AND I'VE COME TO HOLD THIS JOINT UP! DISGUSTING, ISN'T IT?

TICKLE TICKLE

VERY! I'M SORRY, MR. McSTRANGLE, BUT WE'RE A LITTLE LOW ON CASH RIGHT NOW! PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME —

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I'LL TAKE ONLY TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

I APPRECIATE YOUR CONSIDERATION! SHAKE! BUT — IF YOU TAKE MORE THAN TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, I'LL SUE YOU, SIR!

FINE! I'LL GO DO MY STUFF!

SAY! I'LL JUST BET THAT FELLOW IS A CROOK!

WHAT HO THERE, CASHKISSER OLD THING! I'M DISK-EYES THE DETECTIVE - JUST THE BOZO TO KEEP AN EYE ON THAT BIRD WHO'S GOING TO HOLD UP YOUR BANK! HE MAY NOT BE VERY HONEST, YOU KNOW!

VERY TRUE! YOU'RE HIRED! GO SHADOW HIM AT ONCE!

SO SOON? OH, TISK! I WAS GOING DOWN TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE TO HUNT FOR KILLERS!

I'LL BEAT THAT McSTRANGLE GUY TO THE CASHIER, AND SEE THAT NO MONKEY BUSINESS GOES ON!

SOMETHING FOR YOU, MY BEARDED FRIEND?

SHUT UP AND HAND OVER YOUR DOUGH OR I'LL STUFF THIS BOMB DOWN YOUR NECK!

HERE YOU ARE! NOW DON'T SPEND IT FOOLISHLY!

OF COURSE NOT! I'M GOING TO BUY BIGGER AND BETTER BOMBS! I'M THE BEST SABOTEUR IN THIS COUNTRY, AND I DESERVE THE BEST EQUIPMENT!

A HOLD-UP! AM I EVER THRILLED! THAT MAN TOOK TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TWO CENTS!

THE RAT! I'M GOING TO TELL ON HIM!

HEY, MR. CASHKISSER! McSTRANGLE JUST TOOK TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TWO CENTS FROM YOUR CASHIER!

WHAT? WHY-THAT'S ROBBERY! IT'S TWO CENTS MORE THAN WE AGREED ON! CALL OUT THE MARINES, THE BOY SCOUTS AND THE CAMPFIRE GIRLS!

CONTROL YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE! I, BLOODHOUND OF THE LAW, WILL RECOVER THAT CASH!

SWISH!

THEN GET GOING! YOU'VE GOT JUST FIVE MINUTES TO DO IT IN! I ALWAYS BALANCE THE BOOKS AT THREE O'CLOCK!

I'M OFF!

ROBBING THIS BANK WAS A CINCH! NOW, BEFORE I GET OUT OF HERE, I'LL MAKE A DATE WITH THAT STENOGRAPHER!

LISTEN, BABE! I'M SPIDER McSTRANGLE, TOUGHEST SABOTEUR IN THIS COUNTRY! HAVE DINNER WITH ME, OR I'LL TOSS THIS DYNAMITE INTO YOUR TYPEWRITER!

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, WHISKER PAN! I'M DONE FOR THE DAY!

THERE HE IS! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO NAB HIM! I'LL HAVE TO USE TACT AND DIPLOMACY, OR HE MAY GET SORE!

COME ACROSS WITH THAT DOUGH YOU TOOK FROM THE CASHIER, McSTRANGLE!

CLUMP!

TSK! TSK! THAT'S NOT DYNAMITE YOU'RE TOSSING INTO MY TYPEWRITER! IT'S YOUR FACE!

P-P-P

CRUNCH

WHY, YOU- I'LL TEAR YOU APART!

STAND BACK, SIR! NEVER MEDDLE WITH DISK-EYES, THE DETECTIVE!

THAT'S ME!

A DETECTIVE, EH? THAT'S EVEN MORE REASON FOR ME TO BREAK YOUR NECK!

MAYBE I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING — — QUICK!

THIS LIGHTNING DISGUISE SHOULD FOOL HIM!

AH! NOW HE'LL NEVER KNOW ME!

WHO ARE YOU? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE GUY WHO KICKED ME!

I'M FROM THE CRINGING CARBUNCLE COLLECTION AGENCY! YOU OWE THE BACKWASH BEAUTY PARLOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TWO CENTS FOR FACIALS! FORK OVER!

OH, FUDGE! I NEVER GET TO KEEP ANY MONEY! HERE'S ALL I CAN SPARE — TWO CENTS!

HMM! HAVE I REALLY HAD THAT MANY FACIALS?

NOW SCRAM, OR I'LL CRUSH YOUR MUSH!

HA! I'VE GOT THAT MUCH OF THE BANK'S MONEY BACK! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THERE HE GOES! I'LL CHANGE MY DISGUISE, AND MEET HIM OUT ON THE STREET!

OUT ON THE STREET.....

GIVE ME A BAG OF PEANUTS!

BIG BULGY BLIMP BAKING POWDER

WITH OR WITHOUT SHELLS?

HEAR KERNEL SNOOTCH

LECTURE TONITE CITY HALL

PEANUTS POPPERS

WITH SHELLS, OF COURSE! THAT'S THE BEST PART OF THEM!

OKAY! THEN TRY THESE SHOTGUN SHELLS!

MMM! NOT A BAD COMBINATION! HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?

THAT'LL BE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

CRUNCH! MUNCH!

SLURP!

WHAT?! JUST FOR A BAG OF PEANUTS— WITH SHELLS?

SORRY BUT PRICES HAVE GONE UP, YOU KNOW! THANKS!

SWISH

HEY! GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY, OR I'LL —.

OW! WHAT THE —?

YOU SHOULDN'T GET SO HOT UNDER THE COLLAR! YOU'VE MADE THOSE SHELLS EXPLODE!

BANG! BANG!

BOOM! BANG!

CALL THE COPS! I'VE BEEN SABOTAGED!

GLADLY!

NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS DISGUISE!

HERE'S THE MONEY! TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND TWO CENTS!

I DON'T NEED IT NOW! I JUST MANAGED TO BALANCE MY BOOKS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS! IF I TOOK THAT MONEY BACK, THEY'D BE ALL BALLED UP AGAIN! YOU KEEP IT!

BOOK BALANCE

OH, GOODY! NOW I CAN HAVE WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED — A HAIR CUT!

RIDICULOUS! I NEVER BUY HAIRCUTS, AND LOOK AT ME!

NEXT MONTH

DISK-EYES the DETECTIVE

AGAIN DRAMATICALLY DISREGARDS DANGER BY DAUNTLESSLY DRAGGING IN ANOTHER DIABOLIC DOPE WHO DARES DEFY THE LAW in

THE SECRET

THE CASE OF THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE-MEN!

RODDY COLT ACCEPTS AN INVITATION FROM HIS FRIEND, FREDDY FRANKLIN, TO SPEND A QUIET WEEK END IN MASSACHUSETTS — THE HEART OF THE OLD MINUTE-MAN COUNTRY.
HI, FRED! HOW'S THINGS?
GREAT, RODDY! BUT KIND OF QUIET!

HERE'S ONE OF OUR MANY REVOLUTIONARY WAR MONUMENTS ..
HEY! I THOUGHT YOU SAID THINGS WERE QUIET UP HERE-- SOUNDS LIKE A PARADE!
BOOM
BOOM

THE SECRET

FOR DEFENSE
BUY
UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

THAT AFTERNOON, OUT AT FREDDY'S FARM--
AND THAT STATUE IS DEDICATED TO THE SPIRIT OF PAUL REVERE
WE COULD USE MORE SPIRIT LIKE THAT TODAY!
HEY, FREDDY! FREDDY!

WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT, BILLY?
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ABOUT IT? THE ARMORED TRUCK DISAPPEARED! IT STARTED OUT BUT IT NEVER GOT TO CRANFORD, HONEST!
WOW!

SAY, FREDDY, HAVE YOU A COUPLE OF GOOD SADDLE HORSES?
SURE, RODDY. WHY?

B-BUT...
THEN C'MON TO THE BARN! WE'RE GOING TO PULL A MODERN PAUL REVERE TO GET THAT DOUGH BACK AND WE'LL NEED ALL THE LOCAL MINUTE-MEN TO DO IT.

FIRST STOP WILL BE AT THAT OLD GONG YOU SHOWED ME THIS AFTERNOON.

BONG
BONG

HEY! SOMEONE'S RINGING THE OLD MINUTE-MAN GONG! IT MUST BE IMPORTANT— THAT OLD GONG HASN'T BEEN RUNG IN OVER A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS!

THE SECRET STAMP

FOR DEFENSE

BUY

ATTENTION! DIG OUT YOUR MUSKETS AND PITCH-FORKS! YOU MODERN MINUTE MEN HAVE THE JOB OF LOCATING THE LOST MILLION-DOLLAR BOND TRUCK- AND SURELY YOU CAN DO IT IT'S IN THIS SECTION SOMEWHERE. GO TO IT!

G-GOSH!

YOU LEAD THEM, FRED I HAVE A JOB TO DO IN TOWN S'LONG!

BOY! YOU SURE MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME IN A TOWN, DON'T YOU? OKAY! OKAY! I'M GOING!

AS RODDY COLT RIDES HARD AND FAST, HE TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO THE SECRET STAMP.

THIS JOB CALLS FOR THE GOOD OLD UNIFORM OF VICTORY.

ON TOWN, THE SECRET STAMP BEHIND THE HOTEL...

I'VE GOT A HUNCH! THAT ARMORED TRUCK DISAPPEARED TOO QUICKLY!

— AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT CASHIER! WHO COUNTED THE MONEY IT SEEMS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB TO ME!

INSIDE...

SINCE THE FOLKS FROM THE CAMPAIGN STAYED AT THIS HOTEL IT WILL BEAR LOOKING OVER

THE MAY HAVE LEFT A CLUE OF SOME KIND UH-OH! SOMEONE'S COMING

I MUST HIDE!

THE SECRET STAMP

FOR DEFENSE

BUY

STAMP FINDS A CORNER, JUST IN TIME.

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! THAT'S OUR NASTY FRIEND, GRIFFIN -THE BOND CASHIER!

THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE, GRIFFIN. DID YOU DO AS WE TOLD YOU?

TO THE LETTER. I BROUGHT SOME ALONG TO SHOW YOU.

I'M SURE I PUT TWO OF THEM IN MY POCKET!

SKIP IT! AS LONG AS THEY WORK RIGHT, YOU'RE OKAY! HEY! HOW'D I LOOK AS A MOVIN' MAN, BOSS?

LOST THEM, EH? YOU FOOL! — THERE'D BETTER BE NO MORE SLIPS TODAY!

THESE MUST BE WHAT GRIFFIN WAS LOOKING FOR. HE DROPPED THEM WHEN HE WAS FISHING FOR HIS KEYS! ... THEY'RE TOO LIGHT TO BE COINS ... HMM M ... LET'S SEE ...

SSSSSSSSSSSSS

BOSS-WHAT WAS THAT?

?

I'LL FIND OUT. FAST!

GAS! (COUGH) SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS DONE! NOW, LET'S SEE IF THEY CAN TAKE THEIR OWN MEDICINE! (COUGH)

THE SECRET STAMP

TEN MINUTES LATER···
AH! JUST AS THE CRYSTAL BALL TOLD ME! I'D BETTER DUCK OUT OF SIGHT FOR A MINUTE!
I'M ALL SET. YOU DRIVE ON TO CRANFORD. TELL THEM I HAD A BREAKDOWN. SEE YOU TONIGHT!
MOVING VANS INC.

THE SECRET STAMP

FOR DEFENSE

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

THERE'S THE OTHER TRUCK HEADING FOR FREDDY AND HIS MINUTE-MEN. I'VE GOT TO GO ACROSS COUNTRY AND WARN THEM!

WHAT TH-! THE SECRET STAMP!

I HEARD ABOUT THE ROBBERY, MEN, AND THINK I'M ON THE TRAIL. WORK WITH ME?

YOU BET WE WILL SON! LEAD ON!

GOOD! TIE YOUR ROPES TO THOSE LOGS AND DRAG THEM OVER TO THE BACK ROAD!

WHAT'S THE BLOCKADE FOR, STAMP? EXPECTING THE ENEMY?

YES- AN ENEMY OF A SORT. WE'D BETTER HURRY!

INTO THE BRUSH! HERE IT COMES!

RIGHT!

IN THE VAN...

WE'LL PULL INTO THE WOODS AND BUST IT OPEN!

OKAY! HEY! STOP!

WE'RE TOO LATE!

CRASH

THE SECRET STAMP

FOR DEFENSE

BUY

THE CRASH DOES THE TRICK AND EXPOSES THE MISSING TRUCK.

STOP THOSE MEN! I'LL GET THE OTHER DRIVERS OUT!

GO TO IT, BOY!

CRASH!

THAT DOES IT! I HOPE THE DRIVER IS ALIVE INSIDE

THANK GOODNESS, HE'S STILL BREATHING!

THE DRIVER OF THE ARMORED TRUCK EXPLAINS.

I WAS DRIVING BEHIND A MOVING VAN, WHEN, SUDDENLY, I FELL ASLEEP... FUNNY!

NOT FUNNY AT ALL! IT WAS WELL PLANNED. YOU WERE GASSED!...AND IN ANOTHER MINUTE YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN BLOWN APART WITH YOUR TRUCK.

STAMP TELLS THEM WHERE TO FIND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GANG.

YOU'LL FIND GRIFFIN AND HIS GANG IN THE HOTEL IN TOWN. I TOSSED ONE OF THEIR OWN GAS PELLETS INTO THEIR ROOM. SO LONG!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEY THERE, FREDDY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!

HA-HA! THE CITY SLICKER CAN'T TAKE IT, EH? YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE SECRET STAMP IN ACTION. HE'D SHOW YOU!

YEAH. I MUST'VE GOTTEN LOST!

FUNNY I DIDN'T SEE YOU AROUND. ... I'D RECOGNIZE OLD DOBBIN, THERE, ANYWHERE ... I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU COULD HAVE GOTTEN LOST!

JEEP JONES'

CHIC STONE

WE FIND OUR HERO AT WORK DRAWING UP PLANS FOR HIS NEW INVENTION WHICH HE HAS NAMED THE "SUPER-DUPER" TANK! HIS NEW INVENTION COMBINES ALL TANK AND JEEP POSSIBILITIES, PLUS A FEW OF JEEP'S OWN CONCOCTIONS!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING JEEP TODDLES OFF TO SEE THE GENERAL - - - - - -!!

- AND BARGES IN WITHOUT BEING ANNOUNCED!!

HI' GENERAL! YOU'RE JUST THE GUY I WANT TO SEE, I'VE JUST HONORED OUR MECHANIZED UNIT BY INVENTING A SUPER-DUPER TANK!!

IT'S GOT GREAT POSSIBILITIES SIR!

POSSIBILITIES, HMPH! IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE A MEAT GRINDER ON WHEELS!!

OF ALL THE RIDICULOUS, CONFOUNDED IDEAS! LEAVE AT ONCE PRIVATE JONES! BACK TO YOUR BARRACKS IMMEDIATELY!

SOB!

THE GENERAL PUTS JEEP ON YARD BIRD DUTY---!!

GRR-R-R! SO THE ARMY DOESN'T APPRECIATE ME!

WELL BLESS BESS! THE PLANS FOR MY SUPER DUPER TANK!

UMP PILE

I'LL BUILD MY TANK IN SPITE OF WHAT THE GENERAL HAS TO SAY!!

THAT EVENING, JEEP SEARCHES FOR PARTS FOR HIS SUPER TANK--!!

I'LL SEE WHAT THE COOK HAS TO OFFER IN THE WAY OF METALS!

THE COOK WILL NEVER MISS THESE FEW POTS AND PANS!

IN HIS SEARCH, JEEP COMES ACROSS A LADDER---!!

AH! A LADDER! THIS WILL COME IN HANDY FOR THE FRAME WORK OF MY TANK!

!?&!!%?!! HELP! HELP!

AFTER CONVENIENTLY FINDING THE MATERIAL, JEEP STORES IT IN HIS TENT!

AT LAST! I HAVE ALL THE EQUIPMENT I NEED TO BUILD MY TANK WITH!

TWO HOURS AFTER TAPS, JEEP BEGINS TO BUILD HIS "SUPER DUPER TANK" DEEP INTO THE NIGHT HE WORKS WITHOUT A MOMENTS REST!

CLANG!

BANG!

BZZZ!

LEAPIN' CATFISH! OF ALL THE STUPID STUPIDITY! I PLUMB FORGOT ABOUT A MOTOR---
----NOW LET ME SEE--
AH--I HAVE IT!!!

SO OUT JEEP SKIPS AND--

HI-HO! HI-HO!
IT'S OFF TO WORK I GO-

-BORROWS THE MOTOR FROM THE GENERAL'S CAR!

GASOLINE
YOU ARE ALL
THEY SAY.

CLANG

BANG

AS THE COLD GRAY DAWN BREAKS THROUGH, JEEP'S TENT CAN BE SEEN BULGING AND BUCKLING ON ALL SIDES.

THE SUPER-DUPER TANK IS COMPLETE!!

AT LAST! SHE CERTAINLY IS A **SIGHT** FOR SORE EYES! GUESS I'LL SIT IN THE TURRET AND GET THE FEEL OF THINGS!

WHILE CLIMBING IN THE TANK JEEP ACCIDENTALLY PUSHES A SMALL LEVER AND---

OH-OH!

ZOOM!

-- THE SUPER-DUPER TANK BURSTS FORTH AT TERRIFIC SPEED, UPSETTING TENTS WHERE SOLDIERS ARE SOUND ASLEEP!

HEY!

HELP!

UGH!

AFTER HIM BOYS! HE'S GOT MY GAS PIPES!!!

AND MY POTS AND PANS!

AND MY LADDER!

OH-OH!

THE GENERAL HIMSELF WANTS TO JOIN THE CHASE BUT JEEP HAS BORROWED THE MOTOR!

!&?%!!?? WHAT TH' ?!!&☆? IS WRONG, NOW!

MEANWHILE, SPIES SNEAK INTO THE CAMP UNNOTICED DUE TO THE CONFUSION---

CAMP UPTOWN U.S. ARMY

--AND SWIPE BLUE PRINTS FROM THE GENERAL'S OFFICE!!

HERE THEY ARE, THE **BLUE PRINTS** FOR THE NEW GUNS! LET'S RUSH THESE TO HEADQUARTERS!

OKAY OTTO!

THE NAZI SPIES RUSH FOR THEIR PLANE HIDDEN BY THE SHRUBBERY!

HURRY, SPIKE! BEFORE THEY FIND OUT THE PLANS ARE MISSING!

OKAY, OTTO!

WHILE LOOKING THROUGH HIS TELESCOPE, THE KEEN EYES OF JEEP JONES SPOTS THE PLANE TAKING OFF!

WELL, WELL! HERE IS WHERE I GIVE BETSY HER **FIRST TEST** IN ACTUAL SERVICE!

WHILE SPEEDING ALONG THE GROUND DIRECTLY BENEATH THE PLANE, JEEP FIRES A CANNON---!

BOOM!

OUT OF THE NOZZLE OF THE CANNON WHIZZES A LARGE ANCHOR WHICH EMBEDS ITSELF INTO THE TAIL END OF THE PLANE.

CLUNK!

JEEP SWERVES THE "SUPER-DUPER" TANK AROUND AND HEADS BACK TO CAMP!

ANCHORS AWAY! ISN'T THE WORD THIS TIME!

PUTT-PUTT-

!?

HIMMEL! VE ARE GOING BACKWARDS! RIGHT BACK TO THE CAMP!

LATER, BACK AT CAMP THE SPIES ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY!

YOU'VE DONE THE ARMY A **GREAT SERVICE**, PRIVATE JONES!

AND JEEP RECEIVES THE MEDAL OF HONOR!

I PRESENT YOU WITH THIS MEDAL FOR YOUR **GALLANTRY AND INGENUITY** IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF YOUR SUPERB INVENTION, PRIVATE JONES!

SUDDENLY THE TANK STARTS BY ITSELF AND---

ULP!

-KNOCKS THE GENERAL INTO A NEARBY MUD PUDDLE!

SPLASH!

"GUARD HOUSE"

YEP! THAT'S HOW I GOT THIS MEDAL! I SURE AM LUCKY, AIN'T I??

JAP-BUSTER JOHNSON

HAAAA-HAWWW-HO-

HEEEE

HAAAAAA--HAWWWW--

HAWWWW-

EMBITTERED AT THE LOSS OF HIS FRIEND, LIEUTENANT DAVE NICHOLS, IN A *NIPPONESE SNEAK ATTACK, JAP BUSTER JOHNSON* BECOMES AN AVENGING EAGLE TO PLAY HAVOC WITH THE LITTLE BROWN DEVILS WHEN HE TEARS INTO... *THE LAUGHING DEATH PATROL!*

ABOARD THE *U.S. AIR CRAFT CARRIER*-(CENSORED)-SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC.*

HERE THEY COME, JOHNSON!

PATROL FLIGHT'S OVER...THEY DIDN'T LAND *TOO SMOOTHLY* THOUGH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM..*THEY ACT SICK...*

AW... PROBABLY AIR SICKNESS...THEY'LL GET OVER THAT!

HOLY HORROR! THEY'VE TAKEN OFF THEIR HELMETS... LOOK AT THEIR FACES...

W-WHY... THEY'RE GREEN AS APPLES AND....

* CENSORED BY WAR DEPARTMENT.

SUDDENLY A MANIACAL LAUGH ISSUES FROM *GREEN HUED* FACES.

HE-E-E-E! HAWWW!

HO-HO-HO-HA-HA!

HA! HAAAAA HOOO! HA!

THE DIABOLICAL SOUNDS OF HILARITY ARE CUT SHORT AS THE AFFLICTED PILOTS TOPPLE OVER.

T-THEY'VE COLLAPSED...

EASY, THERE...

DON'T TOUCH THEM.. MIGHT BE CONTAGOUS!

...THEIR FACES... UGHHH!!

THEN....

PLANES!!

JAPS AT THAT... BETTER GET UNDER COVER... I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT HAPPENED TO DAVE NICHOLS!

THOSE MAD FOOLS... THEY'RE DIVING RIGHT INTO THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!

FIGHTERS TOO... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

WITH MIRACULOUS LUCK, THE THREE JAP FIGHTERS PASS THE BARRAGE SAFELY...

NOTICE THE GRINNING SKULLS ON THEIR EMBLEMS?

YEAH, IS THAT SUPPOSED TO TERRIFY US?

...THEN, A MOCKING LAUGH THUNDERS FROM UNDER THE PASSING PLANES....

POSSIBLY... SAY... THAT LAUGH!

HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW

UGHH! SENDS CHILLS THROUGH ME! BRRRR!!

LATER....

SO YOU WANT TO TRACK DOWN THE SOURCE OF THE *LAUGHING DEATH PATROL*, *ALONE*, EH LIEUTENANT?

YES, SIR!

HMM... IN VIEW OF YOUR PREVIOUS EXPLOITS, I THINK YOU ARE CAPABLE OF HANDLING THE ASSIGNMENT... *CARRY ON LIEUTENANT!*

THANK YOU, SIR!

THOSE *BROWN SONS OF TROUBLE* DISAPPEARED TO THE EAST.... *I'LL FOLLOW THAT COURSE!*

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

NOT A SIGN OF ACTIVITY AROUND HERE...

JUST THEN, THREE JAP PLANES EMBELLISHED WITH THE INSIGNIA OF *DEATH* SWOOP PAST....

WOW! DIDN'T SEE THEM SNEAK UP... ..*THAT LAUGH AGAIN*...YOU CAN HEAR IT ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE MOTORS!

BLAST YA' SKULLS! TURN AROUND AND FIGHT... THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY FOR MY BULLETS TO TAKE EFFECT.

RR-TA-TAT

WHY THE CAGEY DEVILS.... DUCKING INTO THAT CLOUD BANK... *SAY...WHOA, THERE!*

JOHNSON'S GRUMMAN WHEELS OVER IN A STEEP BANK TO AVOID THE CLOUD FORMATION!

SINCE WHEN DID NATURE START MAKING CLOUDS *GREEN*?? MUST BE SOME TRICK AND IF I REMEMBER RIGHT... THOSE JAP PILOTS HAD *GAS MASKS ON!!*

HMM! THEY HAVEN'T COME OUT YET...OH WELL...I'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO PLAY GAMES!

...AS THE JAPS EMERGE....

PEEKABOO... I FOUND YOU BUMS!

...A BURST OF HOT SLUGS BITE INTO THE FORMOST NIP PLANE!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M WASTING GOOD AMERICAN BULLETS ON YOU!

RAT-TA-TA-TA-TA...

AGHRR!

JOHNSON PULLS THE SHIP INTO A VERTICAL CLIMB!

RA-TA-TA-T

SUDDENLY... JOHNSON'S PLANE VIBRATES FROM END TO END!

WOW! THEY GOT MY MOTOR!!

MIGHT AS WELL LAND THIS DISABLED CRATE ON THE ENEMY'S STOMACHE!

THERE...OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO HAVE A GRUESOME WELCOMING COMMITTEE...BETTER SHOVE THIS FLARE GUN IN MY TUNIC...IT'LL COME IN HANDY!

WELL... NOW THAT YOU GOT ME...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

WHAT WE DO WITH ALL AIR MEN WE CAPTURE!

AN EXECUTION...BUT I'M NOT GOING TO BE THE VICTIM THIS TIME....THOSE GASOLINE DRUMS GIVE ME AN IDEA!

MOVING FURTIVELY, JOHNSON EXTRACTS THE FLARE GUN AND FIRES IT IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GAS DRUMS....

THAT'S IT...BE NICE BOYS AND FIGHT THE FIRE AND FORGET ABOUT ME FOR AWHILE! I NEED A CHANGE OF CLOTHES!

JOHNSON CORNERS A LONE JAP NAVAL OFFICER!

SORRY BUCK TOOTH...I'LL BE NEEDING THOSE RAGS YOU ARE WEARING!

BLAM!

DIRECT HIT...LAUGH THAT OFF YOU TOKY HOKIES!

BLAM!

UNG!

NOW I'M LESS LIKELY TO BE STOPPED...I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK BELOW!

BELOW DECK...

THAT FIRE SEEMS TO HAVE THEM ALL ON THE RUN...JUST AS WELL!

WELL, WELL! I'LL BET MY LIBERTY THAT THOSE TANKS CONTAIN THAT GREEN STUFF THEY MADE THE CLOUDS OUT OF... IT SHOULD CREATE QUITE A RIOT IF I TURN IT LOOSE... ALL AT ONCE!

WELL, WHY NOT...THEY WERE GOING TO USE THE STUFF ON US...UGH! STUFFY IN THIS GAS MASK!

QUICKLY, JOHNSON GOES ABOUT OPENING THE VALVES ON THE TANKS FILLED WITH *LAUGHING DEATH!*

IF THEY DON'T SUCCUMB FROM LAUGHING, THEY'LL AT LEAST HAVE A GOOD CASE OF INDIGESTION FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS STUFF!

LIKE THE ROLL CALL OF DOOM...THE VAPID MASS SEEPS INTO EVERY QUARTER OF THE CARRIER!

AN ORGY OF *FRIGHTENING HORROR* ENVELOPES THE QUARTER AS THE GAS TAKES EFFECT!

OUR GUNS & THE GREEN GAS!

WE ARE DOOMED TO JOIN HONORABLE ANCESTERS!

HEEEEEE! HAA-HOOO!

HA! HEEE HAWWW!

EVEN JOHNSON'S NERVES BUCKLE UPON HEARING THE *FRIGHTFUL LAUGHS!*

LIGH! THANK GOD I'VE GOT A GAS MASK...*THOSE LAUGHS ALONE CAN DRIVE YOU CRAZY!*

HAWW EEEEE'

ON DECK....

NOW WHAT?

MASK... I WANT MASK!

NO! NO! I GET MASK!

IN DESPERATION, THE ARMED JAP TURNS ON HIS COMPANION.

NO! I GET MASK!

I'LL SETTLE THE ARGUMENT FOR ALL TIME!

BANG!

AGH!

SO SORRY BUT I KEEP MASK!

THAT'S THAT! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE WHEELHOUSE... NOT MUCH OPPOSITION LEFT! ...GOO GOT MOST OF THEM! ALL CAUGHT WITHOUT MASKS!

AR-RR!

RUSHING UP TO THE BRIDGE, JOHNSON DISPOSES OF THE GUARD THERE . . .

GRABBING THE PISTOL FROM THE FALLEN GUARD, JOHNSON BURSTS INTO THE BRIDGE!

AIEEEEEEEEE

YOUR JIUJITSO IS TERRIBLE, MY UNLOVELY FRIEND!

MOVE OVER CHUMS AND LET A REAL PILOT HANDLE THE WHEEL!

AN AMERICAN!

MY CARRIER WITH THE *TASK FORCE* IS DUE WEST... AND NOT FAR AWAY AT THAT....

DISGRACE? NOW ISN'T THAT TOO BAD...*THERE'S ALWAYS HARI KIRI*.. OR HAVE YOU BOYS *FORGOT*?

YOU'LL NOT GET AWAY WITH *THIS*!

MINUTES LATER....

I GUESS THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL FOR YOU FELLOWS! *THE UNITED STATES NAVY IS IN ACTION!* MIND IF I LEAVE YOU *HONORABLE SIRS*?

THIS IS DIS-HONORABLE DISGRACE!

BOOM!

SPIRITING HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE BRIDGE, JOHNSON DONS A LIFE PRESERVER AND HOPS OVER THE RAILING....

THAT WAS FAST SERVICE!

THE SHELLING'S STOPPED...WHEW... GOOD TO HAVE THIS FACE BLANKET OFF AND BREATHE SOME COOL OCEAN AIR!

WHAT A BEDLAM OF LAUGHTER... GRUESOME IN A FUNNY WAY! POOR CHAPS!

HEEEE!

HAW H AW HEEEEEEEEEEE!

HAAAAA A HOOOOO

THEN THE DRONE OF A MOSQUITO TORPEDO BOAT INTERRUPTS THE LAUGHS!

A U.S. TORPEDO BOAT, T-THYVE SPOTTED ME!

COME ON NIPPIE...YOUR SAFE NOW!

PARDON ME, GENTS... LIEUTENANT EVERETT JOHNSON OF THE UNITED STATES AIR CORPS!

WELL I'LL BE A FRIED MACKEREL!

AND ME... SCALLOPS!

IT'S PRETTY SAFE TO TORPEDO THE CARRIER...IT'S A FLOATING COFFIN NOW AND WHAT LIVING SOULS ARE LEFT CAN BE SPARED THE DOOM OF THE LAUGHING DEATH!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, LIEUTENANT, BUT WE'LL PROCEED TO DISCHARGE TORPEDOES!

THE SMALL WASP LIKE CRAFT SPEEDS NEAR TO THE CARRIER, THEN TURNS AND.....

FIRE TORPEDOES ONE AND TWO!

HAHAHAA-HO-HAWW-HOOO

BANG!

GOOD RIDDANCE!

PT 21

SOME TIME LATER....

WELL DONE, LIEUTENANT JOHNSON! THAT'S ONE AIRCRAFT CARRIER LESS TO HELP LOSE THE WAR FOR THE JAPS!

RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR! THEY DESERVED IT!

STILL LATER....

I DID IT FOR YOU, DAVE OLD BOY....I WISH YOU HAD BEEN THERE WITH ME FELLOW!

WAKE UP AMERICANS!
A
DRIVE THE AXIS
TO DECAY
BY BUYING WAR STAMPS
EVERY DAY!
Martin Goodman, PUBLISHER

The BIG 3

TERRY-TOONS

NEW EVERY MONTH

PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

KRAZY KOMICS

NEW EVERY MONTH

PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

COMEDY

NEW
EVERY MONTH

PUZZLES
GAMES
SURPRIZES!

-LEE-